

A Home
in
The Desert

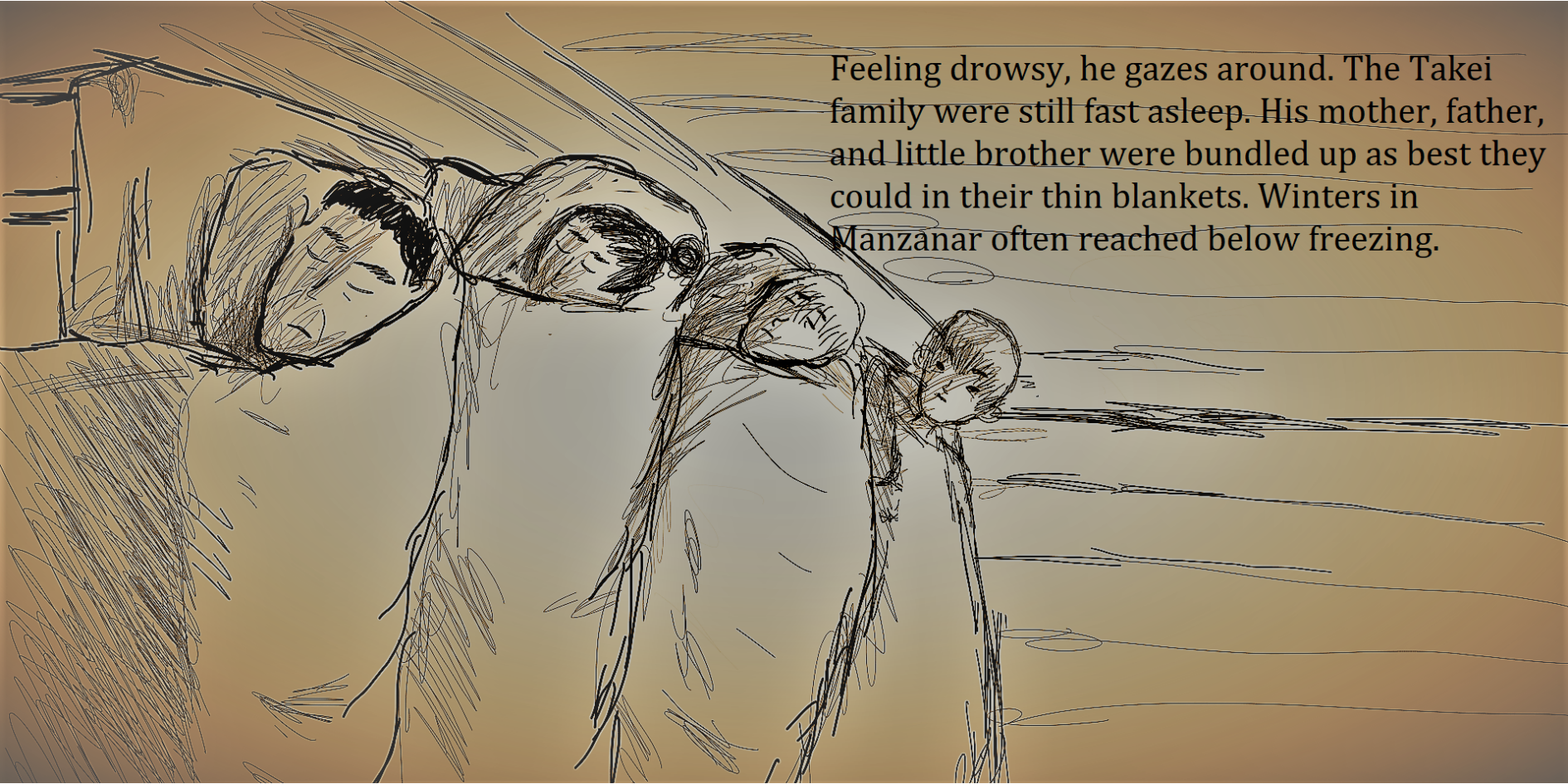
Marcus
Nguyen

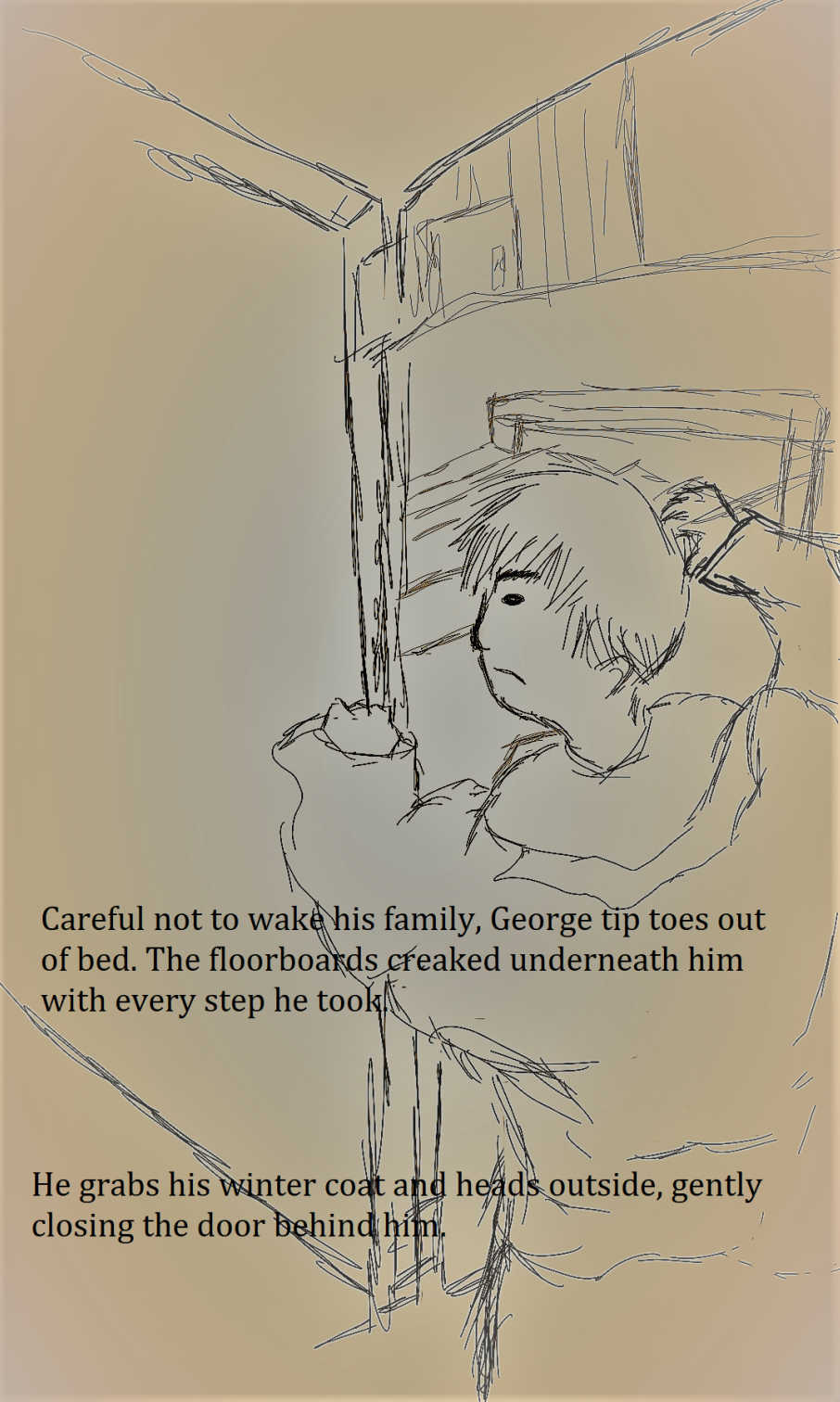
The following is a fictional story based off of the difficulties many Japanese-Americans faced during Order 9066.



In the far corner of the room, George Takei arises from his slumber.

Feeling drowsy, he gazes around. The Takei family were still fast asleep. His mother, father, and little brother were bundled up as best they could in their thin blankets. Winters in Manzanar often reached below freezing.



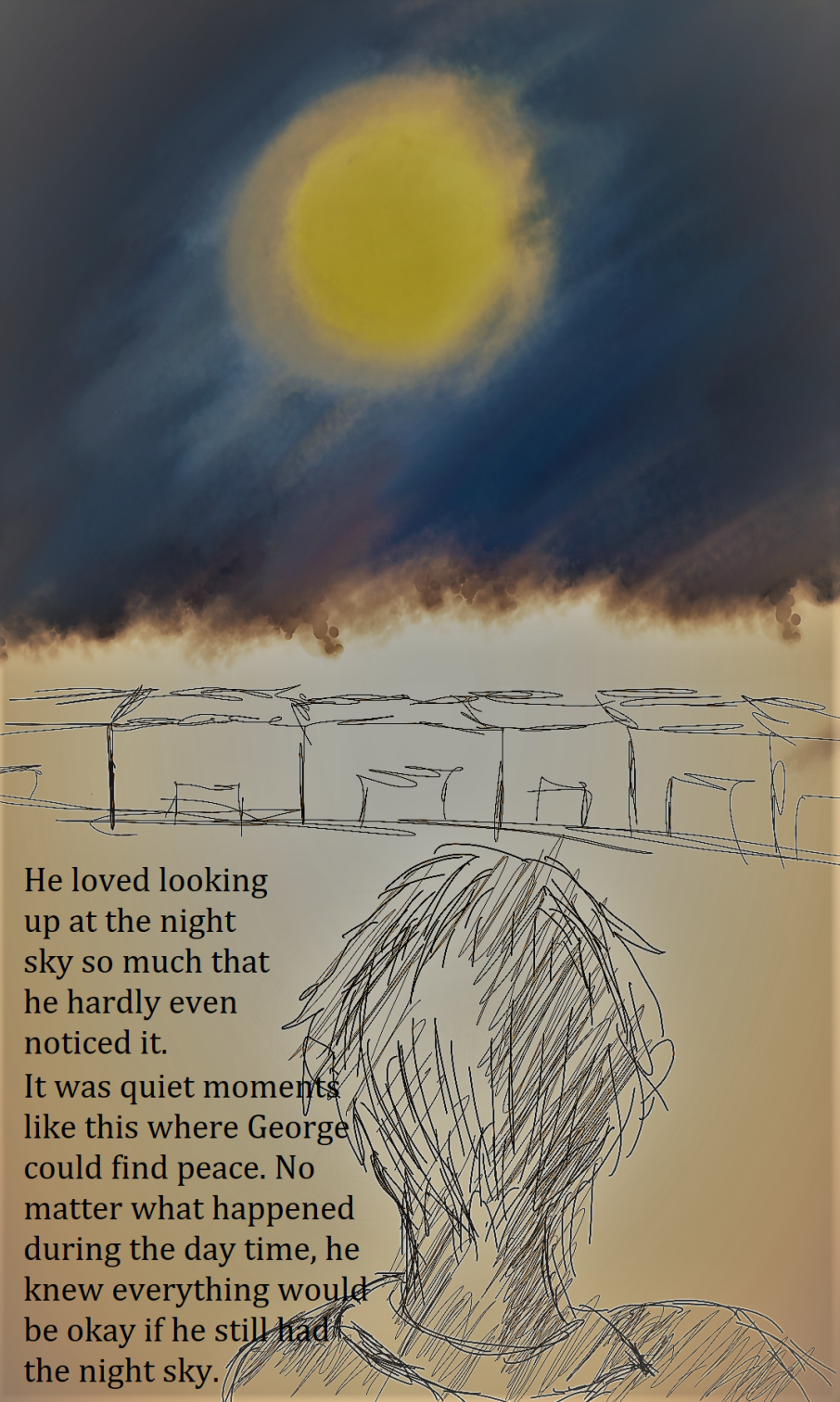


Careful not to wake his family, George tip toes out of bed. The floorboards creaked underneath him with every step he took.

He grabs his winter coat and heads outside, gently closing the door behind him.



George sat atop of the hard wooden steps, looking intently into the night sky. The freezing winter air left George shivering. He didn't mind the cold, however.



He loved looking up at the night sky so much that he hardly even noticed it.

It was quiet moments like this where George could find peace. No matter what happened during the day time, he knew everything would be okay if he still had the night sky.



Things had not been easy for George, or for his family lately. They had been forced to give up their home, and move to Manzanar, a small little town in the California desert. They had to say goodbye to many friends, and even family.

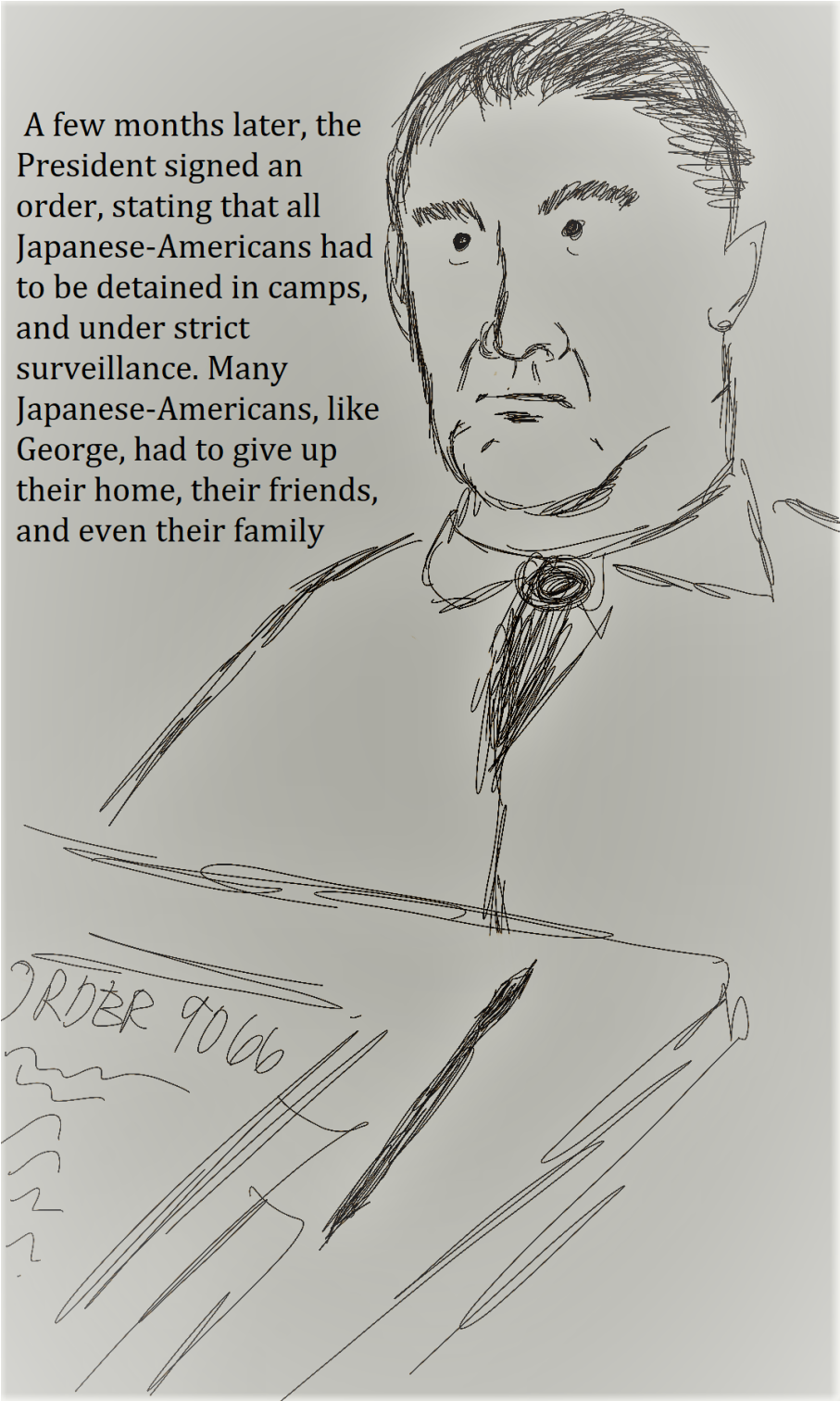


You see, George and his family are Japanese-Americans. They speak Japanese, eat Japanese food, and love to sing Japanese songs. However, they are also American; they speak English, eat American food, and love to sing American songs as well!



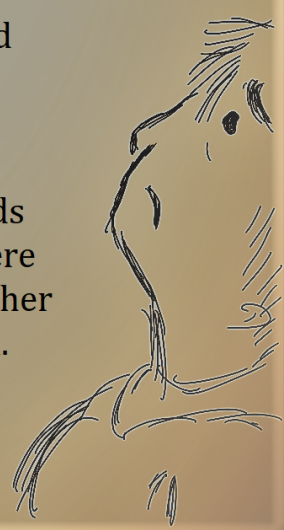
On December 7th, 1941, Japan attacked the US, in what is now known as the Attack on Pearl Harbor. Many lives were lost, and it was devastating to America. Many people began fearing the Japanese-Americans, even though they were loyal citizens.

A few months later, the President signed an order, stating that all Japanese-Americans had to be detained in camps, and under strict surveillance. Many Japanese-Americans, like George, had to give up their home, their friends, and even their family



As George began to remember his old house, his old friends, and his old neighborhood, he became very sad.

Oh, how he hated the camps! The beds were uncomfortable, it was dirty, there were bugs everywhere, and the weather was always either too hot or too cold. How George wished he could return home!



Suddenly, George heard a voice from behind him.

“What are you doing out so late?”

It was George’s father. He had a stern expression on his face, though his eyes were full of concern.

“Come inside and get some rest. We’ve got a long day tomorrow.”

The sadness George felt slowly started to fade.

“Yes, father.”



As George and his father tiptoed back inside, he looked intently at his resting family. Slowly he began to realize something. Even though he missed his old house, if his family was with him, he was at home!



With a wide grin on his face, George bundled up in his blankets and slept peacefully.

Works Cited

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